

cornel, etc., and the meadow, which has been caused by a former beaver-dam, is covered with coarse grass and sedges, and bordered by small spruce and tamarack.

The afternoon was brighter and Mr. Evans drove us down to Sudbury (about five miles), so that we might visit with him the locality where he had captured five examples of the desired *Erebia* on 12th May, 1889 (*Ottawa Naturalist*, Vol. III., p. 154.) It was of course a month later, but he was almost certain that he had seen one of these butterflies flit past the Sudbury Railway Station a week before, and we had hopes that we might obtain the coveted insect. Along the road every butterfly that flitted on ahead was anxiously watched, but each proved to belong to some commoner species. We collected many fine examples of *Phyciodes Nycteis*, which was very abundant and in perfect condition. We also obtained, under the loose bark of a stump, a pupa of this species which transformed to the imago during our visit.

From Sudbury we walked across the country in the direction of the Stobie mine; the ground being, as usual, rough and largely covered with ferns and brambles, interspersed with clumps of small poplars, birches, chokecherries, etc. No trace of *Erebia* could be found, but smaller and less remarkable insects occurred in fair numbers, including several species of saw-flies, of which *Tenthredo semirufa* was the most abundant. Black-flies (*Simulium*) were, however, so numerous and voracious that they made collecting very difficult, while they were ably assisted by the deer-flies (*Chrysops*.) I have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with such intrusive insects from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but I think that the black-flies of Sudbury could take first place for persistence of attack. Having separated from my companions, who carried the bottle of mosquito-oil, I was finally obliged to beat a retreat to the village, where my gory visage excited the risibilities of some of the inhabitants and induced them to size me up as a "tenderfoot." One mining individual went so far as to make some personal reflections on my "everlastingly chewed up" appearance, for which he afterwards apologized by stating that he had recently suffered in the same way himself, and he offered to confirm his unintention of giving offence, by inviting me to inspect the nearest poison (not fly) dispensary, hoping probably to find out if I was prospecting, or interested in mining areas.

Returning to Copper Cliff we spent a very pleasant and profitable evening examining the fine collections made by Mr. Evans in this district,